

Wilderun, The Coasts of High Barbaree

Look ahead, look a stern
Look the weather in the lee
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we
I see a wreck to the windward
And a lofty ship to lee
A sailing down along
The coasts of High Barbaree

Oh, are you a pirate
Or a man-o-war? cried we
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we
Oh no! I'm not a pirate
But a man-o-war, cried he
A sailing down along
The coasts of High Barbaree

So back up your topsails
And heave your vessel to
For we have got some letters
To be carried home by you

We'll back up your topsails
And heave your vessel to
But only in some harbor
And along the side of you

For broadside, for broadside
They fought all on the main
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we
Until at last the frigate
Shot the pirate's mast away
A sailing down along
the coasts of High Barbaree

For quarters! For quarters!
The saucy pirates cried
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we
The quarters that we showed them
Was to sink them in the tide

Oh, it was a cruel sight
And it grieved us full sore
To see them all drownin'
As they tried to swim to shore

With cutlass and gun
Oh we fought for hours three
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we
The ship it was their coffin
And their grave it was the sea

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we!